



LITERARY LANDMARKS OF JERUSALEM

LAURENCE HUTTON

AUTHOR OF "LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON"
"LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH"
"CURIOSITIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE"

ILLUSTRATED



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TO
WILLIAM COOPER PRIME
WHO FIRST MADE JERUSALEM REAL TO ME
THIS VOLUME
IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is written to fill a serious want, and a want which I myself felt seriously during my visit to Jerusalem. Although the literature relating to the Holy Land is enormous in quantity and very varied in quality, there is devoted to the Holy City no single work which will tell one, on the spot, exactly what one wants to know, and which, at the same time, is small enough to hold in one's hand or to carry in one's pocket.

The full-page illustrations with which the volume is enriched are, with a few exceptions, the work of Mr. Frank V. Du Mond, who went to Jerusalem in the spring of 1894 for the especial purpose of making them.

By permission the smaller cuts, scattered throughout the text, are taken from Dr. William M. Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, while the plans of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem are taken from Dr. M. G. Easton's *Illustrated Dictionary of the Bible*, to both of which authorities I am indebted for much invaluable information.

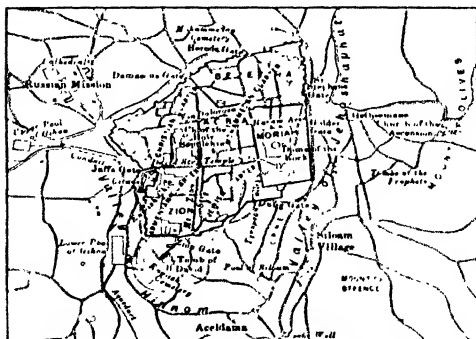
LAURENCE HUTTON.

Easter Day, 1895.

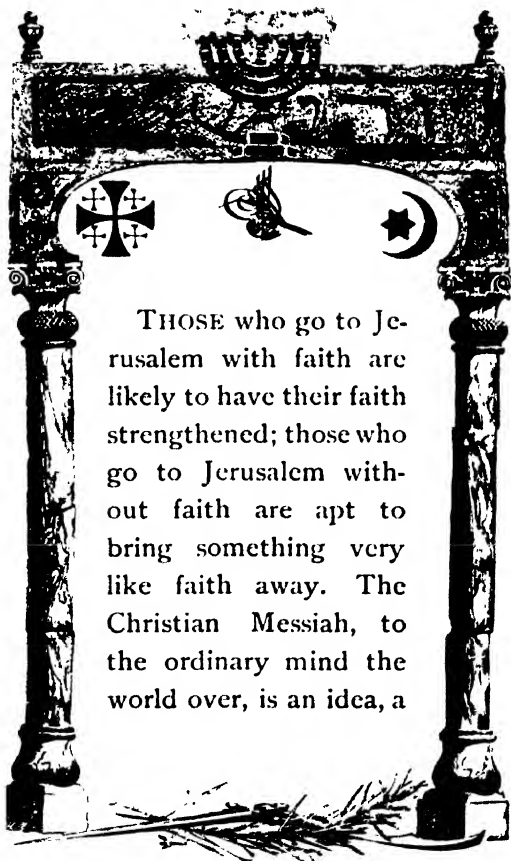
LITERARY LANDMARKS OF
JERUSALEM



Plan of Ancient Jerusalem.



Plan of Modern Jerusalem.



THOSE who go to Jerusalem with faith are likely to have their faith strengthened; those who go to Jerusalem without faith are apt to bring something very like faith away. The Christian Messiah, to the ordinary mind the world over, is an idea, a

myth, a sentiment, or a religion. In Jerusalem he becomes a reality. If he was not of divine origin he was at least a Man; the only perfect human being who ever lived; and he lived for a time in Jerusalem.

The Mohammedans, as well as the Jews and the Christians, consider Jerusalem a Holy City. To the followers of the Prophet it comes next to Medina, after Mecca; to the Christians it is not exceeded in holiness even by Rome; and to the Hebrews it is the one Holy City in the world.

The altitude of Jerusalem is always a surprise to the visitor who comes here for the first time. He knows, of course, that it is a mountain city, and that it was built upon Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; but he does not realize, until he makes the gradual ascent, that it is about twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. As high on the one side as the Catskill Mountain House; as high on the other as the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Jerusalem is a city of surprises. It is, apart

from its sacred associations, an intensely interesting spot even to travellers who are already saturated with the hitherto unfamiliar and surprising charms of Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey round about the outside of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour. Its houses are small, irregular in shape, squalid, and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named nor numbered; they are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved, never cleaned, and in many instances they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or a donkey seen within the walls. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, the leprous and the wretchedly poor, form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and with the single exception of the Hebrews, they are persistent and clamorous beggars. Trade and commerce seem to be confined to the bare necessities of life, and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is

but one hotel within its walls; and the only vender of anything like luxuries in the place is a Turkish merchant, who displays in his



POTTER'S FIELD

little, doorless, windowless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets, and bric-à-brac to the gaze of the passers-by.

His customers, of course, are the pilgrims who come to see and not to worship.

Jerusalem is unique as a city in which everything is serious and solemn and severe. It has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no concert-halls, no theatres, no lecture-rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no elections, no newspapers, no printing-presses, no book stores, except one outside the walls, for the sale of Bibles, no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the children do not play.

The Jews, it is said, form almost two-thirds of the population of the city. They occupy a section which covers the greater part of the eastward slope of Zion; and the Jewish Quarter is the most wretched in the whole wretched town. Its inhabitants are quiet and subdued in bearing; they make no claims to their hereditary rights in the Royal City of their kings; they simply and silently and patiently wait. The Wailing Wall of

the Jews, so wonderfully painted by Vereschagin, is, perhaps, the most realistic sight in Jerusalem to-day. In a small, paved, oblong, unroofed enclosure, some seventy-five by twenty feet in extent, and in a most inaccessible portion of the town, is the mass of ancient masonry which is generally accepted as having been a portion of the outside of the actual wall of the Temple itself. Against these rough stones, every day of the week, but especially on Friday, and at all times of the day, are seen Hebrews of all countries, and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation which has come upon them, and upon the city of their former glory. Whatever may be their faith, it is beautiful and sincere; and their grief is actual and without dissimulation. They kiss the walls, and beat their breasts, and tear their hair, and rend their garments; and the real tears they shed come from their hearts and their souls, as well as from their eyes. They ask for no back-sheesh; they pay no attention to the curious and inquisitive heretics and Gentiles who

pity while they wonder at them. They read the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah ; they wail for the days that are gone ; and they pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob that they may get their own again.

About one-sixth of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are followers of Mohammed. They believe in the prophets of the Old Testament, in the Christ of the New Testament, and in their own Prophet, whom they consider, of course, the greatest of them all. Their chief sanctuary here is the Dome of the Rock, commonly known to travellers as the Mosque of Omar, standing on the site of Solomon's Temple. The enclosed space on Mount Moriah is called by the Moslems the Haram, or Sacred Place, and in their minds it is peculiarly associated with Mohammed himself, for the dome, the most prominent of its many buildings, covers that mass of Jerusalem limestone which to Jew and Gentile and Moslem alike is the most interesting rock in the world. Upon this rock, accord-

ing to very ancient tradition, Abraham worshipped and was ready to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice. Upon it David erected an altar. Upon it Elijah and the Messiah prayed ; and from it, once, Mohammed ascended up into Heaven. It is said to hang suspended in the air seven feet above the ground ; and the present Turkish custodians affirm, in the most solemn tones, that its visible supports of masonry are merely placed there in order to support it in event of the removal of the miraculous power which supports it now.

In a cavern at its base Mohammed is said to have rested, after making his super-human, and super-equine, journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in a single night ; and from thence, on a celestial steed furnished by the Archangel Michael, he is believed to have passed through a still visible hole in the rock to the upper world ; the rock following him until it was stopped in its flight by the angel, and left, as we now see it, floating in the air !

Under this rock, it is said, still rests the Ark of the Covenant.

The mosque is a great and an imposing building of complex architecture, and it is more interesting, naturally, to the Christian because of its site than on account of itself.

Lepers in Jerusalem still form a community of their own, existing, not living, near the Jewish Quarter. We saw them in all their unhappy repulsiveness, inside as well as outside the walls; but we found them in greatest numbers, and most persistent in their crying for alms, at the entrance to what is called the Tomb of the Virgin, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is supposed to have died in the house of John—and from that hour [the hour of the Crucifixion] that disciple took her into his own home,—but the place of her death or burial are nowhere recorded. Concerning Joseph, there is no mention in the Bible after the time when the Christ disputed with the doctors when the Child was twelve years of age. Because Mary alone was present at the feast of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, and because Joseph is not

represented as having been present during any of the scenes of the Crucifixion, it is conjectured that he died before Jesus en-



THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN

tered into the public ministry. Where he died, of course, is unknown.

The Church of the Virgin lies very near

to what is called the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a sepulchre and chapel combined ; and here the guides show one not only the tombs of Mary and Joseph, but those of Anna and Joachim, the mother and father of Mary. They are some fifty feet below the surface of the surrounding earth ; and there is a further tradition here that it was upon this spot that all the sins of Peter were forgiven him.

The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem are among the most important, the most interesting, and the most sacred in the whole history of the literature of the world. David, perhaps, wrote some of the immortal Psalms as he looked from the roof of his palace upon the slopes of the Mount of Olives, with the blue hills of Moab and the silver gleam of the Dead Sea in the distance. Here were written, perhaps, the Songs of Solomon. Here Ezra may, perhaps, have written the Chronicles and his own books of prophecy. Here, perhaps, Nehemiah indited the book that bears his name. Here, perhaps, Isaiah wrote. Here, no doubt, Jer-

emiah uttered his words of warning, and here, no doubt, he wrote his Lamentations. Here Paul and the evangelists preached. Here, without doubt, was written the General Epistle of James; and here were uttered many of the most beautiful words of Jesus.

These are the Literary Landmarks which survive the crash of empires and the march of Time, which cause the eye to fill and the heart to throb; which made Jerusalem the most imposing, the most memorable place I ever visited. Like the figure of Jesus himself, dim, obscure, confused by dogma and creed, there is about Jerusalem, to me, an inexplicable fascination which cannot be extinguished by any rationalistic reasoning I can command.

Now David was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to; he was the eighth, and youngest, son of Jesse, a citizen of Bethlehem, and in his youth he kept the sheep of his father. He slew Goliath in the valley of Elah, some fifteen miles southwest of his native town.

He fled from Saul to Ramah, about five miles due north of Jerusalem, where tradition says he wrote the sixth, seventh, and eleventh Psalms. The City of David, in which he dwelt and where he was buried, was identical with Mount Zion. His tomb, so called, with that of Solomon, is on the south side of Mount Zion, and is still pointed out by the guides. It was known to Peter, for on the day of Pentecost that Disci-



ple, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them, Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and is buried, and his sepulchre is with us to this day.

The tomb is described, by one who has seen it, as an immense sarcophagus in a room comparatively insignificant in its dimensions, but very gorgeously furnished by the Moslems, under one of whose mosques it stands. Admission to it is not granted by its present custodians. In this building, by-the-way, says tradition, is the large upper room in which the disciples made ready the Passover, and where they afterwards received the miraculous gift of tongues; and near here is believed to have stood the house of John, to which the mother of Jesus went after the scenes of the Crucifixion, the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, and a cell in which Jesus spent the last night of his earthly life.

The tomb in which David is said to have laid Absalom, hewn from the solid rock, and

HOUSE OF MARTHA AND MARY



ornamented with Ionic pillars, lies in the Valley of Jehosaphat, east of the city, and easy of access from St. Stephen's Gate.

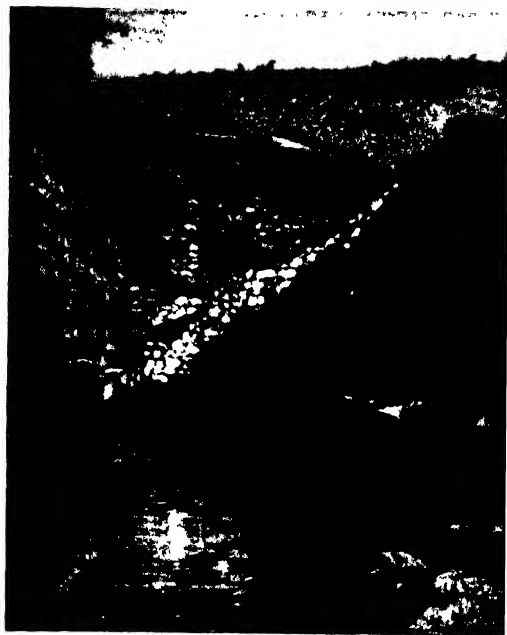


ABSALOM'S TOMB

Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is

in the King's Dale; for he said I have no son to keep my name in remembrance, and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called to this day Absalom's place. What are known as the Tombs of Zachariah and St. James stand, to this day, close to the so-called Absalom's Pillar, although there is no authority for the designation of any of them. Absalom's Tomb is certainly of a much later period than David's time. Not far to the south of these lie innumerable graves of Hebrews of more modern days, and still further south the valley is joined by the Valley of Hinnom, on whose southern side is Aceldama, the Potter's Field.

On the summit of Mount Moriah, opposite the Pillar of Absalom, was the eastern front of the Temple, a cloister of magnificent proportions. This was, doubtless, Solomon's Porch, where Jesus walked. Underneath this and the southern part of the Haram are the vast and massive vaults which support the level area of the Temple enclosure, and which in Crusading times received the name, still given them, of Solomon's Stables. There



THE POOL OF SILOAM

is a vague tradition that Solomon had a residence on the hill, and here, perhaps, the Canticles were written. Solomon was buried, according to tradition, by his father's side; and near the base of the Mount of

Olives, in the rocky cliff below the Pillar of Absalom, is a monument which the guides point out as the tomb of Solomon's wife.

Ezra, the scribe, who was not only a writer but an editor, is supposed to have lived for thirteen years in Jerusalem; but the places of his death and his burial are now unknown. Nehemiah came to Jerusalem some years after Ezra, and was there associated with him. This is one of the earliest recorded instances of literary collaboration.

According to tradition, Isaiah was put to death by Manasseh, by being confined in the trunk of a tree and sawn asunder with it; and at the south of the city, close to the Pool of Siloam, is an unusually large mulberry-tree, which the guides point out as marking the spot of his singular execution. It was to the Pool of Siloam, it will be remembered, that the man was sent that was born blind. He went and washed, and came seeing.

Jeremiah is the only one of the prophets who has left anything like a visible Landmark behind him in Jerusalem. The Grotto of Jeremiah is on the slope of the hill, just

outside the Damascus Gate, which is described later as the supposed Golgotha. This grotto is a cavern extending more than an hundred feet under the cliff. Its roof is supported by heavy columns, and beneath



DAMASCUS GATE

are deep cisterns, in one of which the prophet is said to have been confined. The guides point out, in this cave, the tomb of Jeremiah, and assure us that here the Lamentations were written. And so Jeremiah abode in the court of the prison until the day that Jerusalem was taken; and he was there when Jerusalem was taken. But where the

prison stood no one knows, and that Jeremiah died in the prison, or in Jerusalem, the Scriptures do not say.

There is no special reason to believe that any of the Gospels were written here; and Paul's associations with Jerusalem are somewhat slight. It is possible that he studied here under Gamaliel; he was certainly here when Stephen was stoned, according to tradition, just outside St. Stephen's Gate; and some years later, standing on the stairs of the Castle, he beckoned to the people with his hand, and spoke unto them in Hebrew, saying the words which are contained in the opening verses of the twenty-second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. After the serious disturbances which took place, he was sent into Cæsarea, and he never saw Jerusalem again.

It is said that the Castle to which Paul was brought was the barracks of the Roman soldiers, in the Fortress of Antonia, at the northwest corner of the Temple area; and the present Sarâya, or Governor's Residence, with its square tower and gloomy arch span-



THE TOWER OF ANTONIA

ning the Via Dolorosa where it begins its winding course at the traditional house of Pilate, is supposed to occupy an angle of this fortress. It is fully described, as it originally stood, in the works of Josephus.

In the middle of the second century Justin Martyr spoke distinctly of the birth of the Messiah as having occurred in a grotto near Bethlehem, because there was no room for them in the inn. Justin became a Christian in the year of our Lord one hundred and thirty-two. He was born, no doubt, within a century of the event itself. The great story may have come to him directly from those who saw the Messiah in the flesh. I have known men and women who knew Washington, and Washington died nearly a century ago. The cave near Bethlehem of which Justin wrote was pointed out to the mother of Constantine, its tradition having been kept alive by resident Christians at Jerusalem; and over it Helena erected a church. Even the doubters, and there has been a noble army of them, concede this. If the Christ Child was born at all, why was

he not born here and cradled in the manger still shown as his? How can a man whose infant lips were taught to pray the noblest form of speech that infant lips can try, and at his mother's knee, forbear to pray here if he ever prays at all?

Whatever may be the uncertainty as to the spot in Bethlehem where he was born and cradled, there can be no question about Bethlehem itself. It is the same Bethlehem. David was born in Bethlehem, and there he was anointed by Samuel. Bethlehem was the scene of the story of Ruth, Naomi, and Boaz; and the visit to Bethlehem on that memorable Sunday morning, with all it meant and implied, was the very greatest Sabbath day's journey we ever made.

Bethlehem lies about five miles to the south of Jerusalem, and the journey on horseback, or in the wretched carriages of the country, can be made in about an hour and a half from the Jaffa Gate. The traveller, on his way, gets a glimpse of the Dead Sea in the distance, and he passes David's Well and Rachel's Tomb. And David



VIA DOLOROSA

longed and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men broke through the hosts of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and brought it to David. And near the northern entrance to the town is still shown what is said to be this very well. And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day. And to this very day does Rachel's Tomb still stand where Jacob laid her. All the doubters agree in this. It is a small, square, white building, with a dome, beneath which is a pile of plaster-covered masonry — Rachel's grave. Its tradition seems never to have been broken. The descendants of Joseph and of Benjamin are scattered now over the face of the earth, but here still rests the mother of them all. A good woman, worth waiting and serving for, has been waiting here for Israel all these seventy times seventy years.



RACHEL'S TOMB

The Church of the Nativity is a square building with tall Corinthian columns supporting a ceiling which is said to have been made from the wood of the Cedars of Lebanon. The Grotto of the Nativity is a crypt beneath the church. A large silver star in the marble pavement marks the spot upon

DAVID'S WELL



which the worshippers believe the Child was born; and near by is the manger in which they say he was laid. Everything about it is richly ornamented with precious metals and brilliant mosaics; lamps of gold and silver shed a feeble light above it; there is nothing to suggest the stable of an inn; but, nevertheless, the effect is most impressive, and while I stood there I believed it all.

In a cave, hard by, lived Jerome; and here is shown his tomb. Jerome believed in the sacred authenticity of this spot, and his own connection with Bethlehem and this church seems to be undoubted. Here he remained for many years; and here he wrote, and here he made his translation of the Bible—a Literary Landmark, certainly, in ecclesiastical history.

Bethlehem itself is a picturesque little village, built upon the ridge of a hill; and it is peopled to-day almost entirely by Christians, who are respected by their neighbors for their industry and integrity. The men are manly and robust; the younger women are

comely and graceful, as a rule ; and, as compared with their sisters in Jerusalem and in the country round about, they are attractive in their dress and in the silver ornaments which they wear in profusion ; perhaps as Ruth herself wore them so many years ago. If, as is said, Samuel is the author of the beautiful book of Ruth, it is not impossible that he wrote it here. He certainly got here the inspiration for it, and here he certainly laid its scenes. The field in which David fed his father's sheep, the field of Boaz, and the Field of the Shepherds, where, watching over their flocks by night, was brought to them glad tidings, were pointed out to us by the guides ; and they were not among the least interesting of the things we saw here, nor was a Good Shepherd, clad in the costume of the first century, and carrying across the Shepherd's Field a weary lamb in his arms, one of the pictures which we will ever forget.

There is no record of the Christ having returned to Bethlehem after Joseph arose and took the young child and his mother by



SHEPHERD AND SHEEP

night and departed into Egypt, nor of his having been in Jerusalem at all until he was twelve years of age, when he was found by his parents in the Temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. His next recorded visit to Jerusalem was at a feast of the Pass-over many years later, when he drove the money-changers out of the Temple, performed many miracles, and uttered his famous discourse to Nicodemus. Again in Jerusalem he cured the impotent man at the pool called Bethesda, by the sheep-market, and testified concerning John the Baptist. At least four pools in the outskirts of the city claim now to be the Pool of Bethesda: the so-called Fountain of the Virgin, in the Valley of the Kedron, having what appears to be the strongest foundation of truth, because of the intermittent flow of its waters. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water; and the impotent folk, blind, halt, withered, lay there waiting for its moving. This Fountain of the Virgin supplies the Pool of Siloam.

south of Jerusalem, and some eighteen hundred feet distant.

Once more in Jerusalem, Jesus taught publicly in the Temple; and the Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned, and many of the people cried, of a truth this is the Prophet, while some sought to take him; but no man laid hands on him, because his hour was not yet come. On the next journey to Jerusalem he stopped at Bethany, where he was entertained by Mary and Martha. The present Bethany is a poor, small, semi-deserted village on the southeastern side of the Mount of Olives, on the road to Jericho, and about two miles from Jerusalem. Martha must have let very little things trouble her, for the stone foundations of the house shown as hers could have supported none but a small edifice. Hard by is the supposed house of Simon the Leper, and the so-called Tomb of Lazarus, which is hollowed in the rock, and a number of feet below the ground.

We read of the Teacher after this as being more than once in Jerusalem before the last



and memorable journey here. From Bethphage, near to Bethany, just before the close of his earthly career, he entered the Holy City sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass, and a great multitude followed him. At even he went out to Bethany, and he lodged there for some nights; returning always to Jerusalem by day, and passing by the shortest road, that which leads to Gethsemane and over the Mount of Olives.

The plot of ground which the guides point out as Gethsemane is now enclosed by a high wall, and is laid out in a formal, ugly manner. It contains a few very ancient olive-trees, and lies a short distance across the Kedron, east from St. Stephen's Gate. The antiquaries cast doubts upon its authenticity, and Dr. Thomson places the actual scene of the Agony in a secluded vale several hundred yards further towards the northeast.

Concerning the Mount of Olives there seems to be no reasonable question. It is the only thing which the doubters have really left to us. Jerusalem has been destroyed and rebuilt—man made it, and man re-made

it—but the Mount of Olives, the work of God, remains unchanged through all these ages. Its sides are still covered with the olive-trees which give it its name, and it rises about two hundred feet above the level of and a mile or two to the east of the city. It has four peaks, one of which is called the Mount of Ascension, from the tradition that here, on the way to Bethany, after the Crucifixion, he lifted up his hands and blessed his disciples; and it came to pass, while he blessed them, that he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven. With no spot on earth is the Christian Messiah so familiarly or so pleasantly associated as with the Mount of Olives; and as I looked at it from a distance, and as I walked over it, perhaps in the very paths he trod, I believed it all.

It is not necessary to tell here the rest, or the end, of the awful story. They mocked, buffeted, insulted, and abused him. A robber was preferred to him, and was released. And so they led him out and crucified him.

The Via Dolorosa, the way he trod when he carried the cross, is not a street, but a



THE ASCENSION

continuation of sections of streets marked by the faithful, nobody knows how many years ago, with the fourteen Stations of the Church of Rome. More than once we followed him from the so-called Chapel of the Scourging to the supposed Place of Crucifixion. Everything, in the course of ages, has been altered; the level of the roadway, if it is the roadway, has undoubtedly been raised many feet; of all the traditions of Jerusalem the present Via Dolorosa is the most vague and

the most improbable; but nevertheless I followed his footsteps, I put my shoulder in the hole where his shoulder is supposed to have rested, I placed my hand upon the alleged prints of his hand when the weight of the tree was too great for him, and he fell against the wall; and, for the time, I believed it all. It may be all tradition, and all false; but to a man brought up upon the teachings of the New Testament as accepted by a good father and a good mother, it was awfully real. And I believed it all!

The question of the true sites of the holy places of Jerusalem is one which will never be answered. Volumes have been written upon the subject, doctors have disagreed and will always differ, and who can now decide whether the Sepulchre was without or within the walls, and where the walls were? The accepted site of the Sepulchre was fixed upon by the mother of Constantine before the middle of the fourth century; and for fifteen centuries and a half it has been the object of the reverence and the worship of millions of devout Christians, for whose sake,

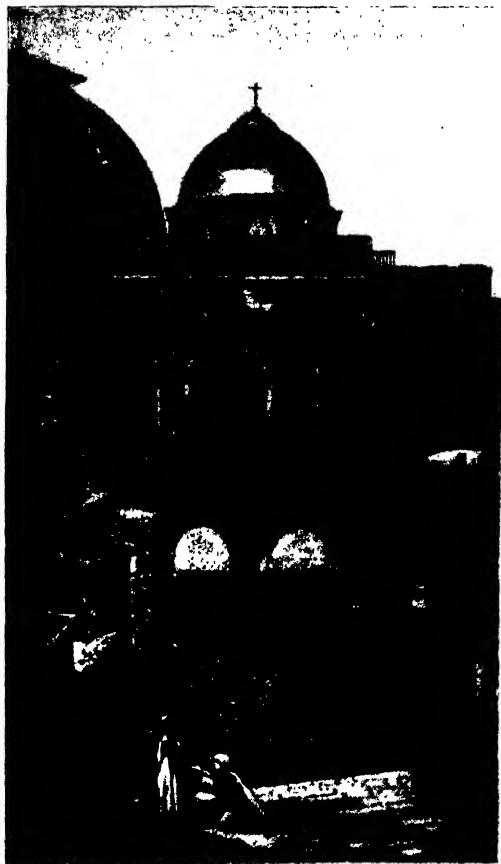


GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

if for no other, it is worthy of all respect. Entering it even as a doubter, either of its own truth or the truth of the beautiful legend it illustrates, one cannot help being greatly moved by the absolute absence of doubt expressed in the faces and in the attitudes of those who do believe in it. We saw it for the first time on the day of our arrival in Jerusalem, and at dusk; and every day during our stay in Jerusalem did we return, at dusk, to sit, and look, and think. It may not be the Spot of Spots, but to us it was then, and is still, the most impressive spot we ever saw; and as long as we live we will never forget the scene as it first impressed us. Hundreds of worshippers of every variety of Christian sect were present, hundreds of lamps of silver, and gold, and the precious metals, were shedding over it all that dim religious light which has become a by-word, but which was here more than a reality; and on all sides was exhibited absolute and beautiful faith. What a Man he must have been, if he were nothing more, to have come from such an obscure place, of obscure

and even of uncertain parentage, and to have left as a legacy such a tremendous and overwhelming influence upon the whole world for two thousand years ! Verily the shrines and the show-places of Venice and London and Rome and Pompeii and Athens and Egypt are nothing to this.

The so-called Calvary and Tomb, and every sacred spot connected with the awful events of the Crucifixion, are contained under one vast, irregular roof, in a series of churches and chapels called The Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within its precincts no Jews are admitted, and no Jew probably ever seeks or cares for admission. The Greeks, the Copts, the Syrians, the Roman Catholics, have each their own particular place of worship, and the Protestants have none at all. The lion and the lamb live not in harmony together here, and the disciples of the Prince of Peace are kept from violent warfare with each other only by the presence of an armed band of Mohammedan guards in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Oh, Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !



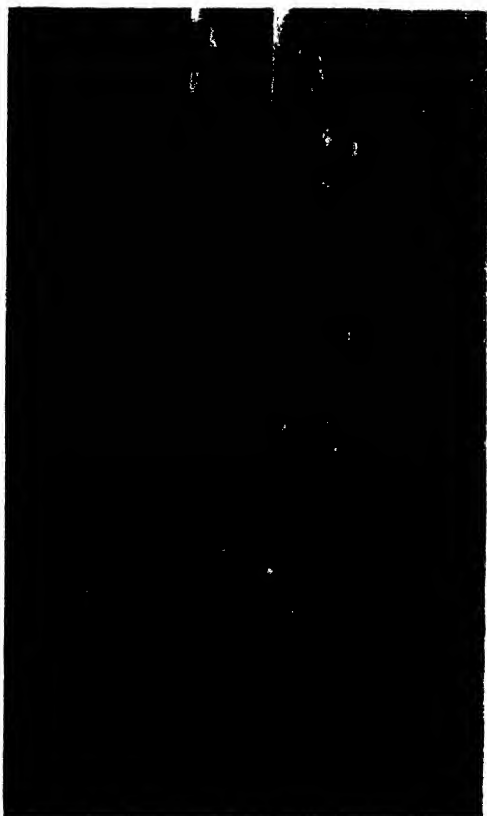
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Immediately facing the entrance of the Church is the Stone of Uncion, so said, upon which the body of the Saviour was laid and prepared for burial; on the right are the holes in which the three crosses are said to have stood; we are shown here, also, what is said to be the Pillar of Flagellation; a cave in which our Lord was confined immediately before his death; the seat upon which he sat and was derided, was crowned with thorns, and was hailed King of the Jews; the spot upon which he stood when he showed himself to his Mother after the Resurrection; the spot upon which he stood when he appeared to the Magdalen; and the rock that was rent in twain. But the place to which we went first and last, and oftenest, and at which we lingered longest, was the Tomb. The historians give the figures of its length and its breadth and height; artists have painted it; cameras have photographed it; hundreds of travellers have described it in print; millions upon millions of men and women have seen it, and have prayed before it, and have wept upon it; millions upon

millions of lips have been pressed against it ; its history is the merest tradition ; nobody knows that it is true, and yet, standing by it, overpowered by the atmosphere of the place and by the sincerity of those who kneeled or lay prostrate before it, I believed it all !

Many and various have been the theories as to the exact sites of the places of Crucifixion and Entombment. It has been contended that the Mosque of Omar was erected over the spot where the Cross stood ; that Golgotha was outside the walls, near to, and north of, St. Stephen's Gate ; and that the little hill north of the Damascus Gate, containing the so-called Cave of Jeremiah, is the true Place of the Skull. This last spot was believed by General Charles George Gordon to have been Golgotha, and it is the subject of an exhaustive paper from the pen of Rev. Haskett Smith, published two or three years ago in *Murray's Magazine*. And it must be confessed that the arguments of Dr. Smith seem rational and almost conclusive.

The hill stands in a most conspicuous position at the junction of two old roads :



PLACE OF THE SKULL

one, skirting it to the west, connects the Jordan and the Mediterranean; the other, leading northward, was, and is, the direct thoroughfare to Galilee, Samaria, and Damascus. If the so-called Ecce Homo Arch, or any part of its foundation, be near the spot, as tradition asserts it is, where Pilate said unto them, Behold the man, it is not impossible that the Christ passing under it might have borne his burden thence to, and through, the Damascus Gate. This hill, Dr. Smith says, is known to the Jews of the present day as the Hill of Execution and the House of Stoning; they look upon it as an accursed spot, and they spit upon it as they pass it by. Above all, the crest of the hill is manifestly skull-shaped, and from a little distance the form of the skull is distinctly seen, the hollows where were the eyes, the nasal bone, and the jaws all being prominent in the landscape. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a Place of a Skull, they crucified him.

At the western base of this hill, which Dr. Smith believes to be Calvary, in a garden on

the Damascus road, and only a short distance from the summit of the mound, has lately been discovered a tomb which antiquaries assert to have been hewn out in the rock, at or about the beginning of the Christian era. It is unfinished, and yet it has every appearance of having been occupied, and Dr. Smith accepts it as the actual new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which he laid the body of Jesus, which he had begged from Pilate.

This hill as we saw it first, on our return from the Mount of Olives, certainly startled and impressed us. It seemed to be what we had come to see. But nevertheless we went back to the spot accepted by Helena, and by so many, many sincere worshippers. And in the dusk we stood, and looked, and I believed it all!

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
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